

Irresistible

by Vaguely Likeable

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Summary: Kylo Ren is certain of two things. One, he's dying, and two, Rey was always too good for him.

Irresistible

"_*I just followed your scent, **_

**you can just follow my smile."**

Something about the smile was intoxicating, suffocating, but it was release from all the agony. The constant war in his mind, the unrelenting pain that was ceaseless.

The smile was fleeting, a mere comfort, but he latched onto it like a lifeline, shutting his eyes to the brutal world that they were all cursed to call their universe. Their home.

He blinked. Once. Twice. She was still there, with that same reassuring presence that whispered of familiar comforts. A summer breeze. Winter fires. Things he didn't deserve, and doubted her ever would.

Could he be redeemed, after all that he had done? Perhaps. But would he last long enough to see his redemption through? The spread of crimson against black tile was slow, but it was steady. He felt the comfort be replaced with a far more familiar emotion.

Fear.

But what were they afraid of? They were the winners. The lucky ones. The persistent fighters who did not stop to doubt and refused to fall prey of traitorous thoughts. They deserved a victory, after all the pain they had endured to become heroes. But why was the kind girl afraid? He knew the answer, yet didn't want her to say it. Not

now. Maybe later, once he was safely locked away in a wooden casket that would be buried so far underground, he needn't worry about the light any more. There was always the option of cremation, too.

He wanted her to say it when he couldn't regret the tears that would come with those words, a time when all he could respond with was a flutter of an eyelid, a shuddering breath. The scarlet seemed more prominent than ever and he wondered why she had not let him fall to the ground. No, she had insisted on cradling him. Insisted on making him feel human. The heroes deserved their victory, but he did not deserve as much as a glance in his direction.

She was so stubborn, clinging onto him like her power alone could fill him with new life. He knew of her dreams. She dreamt of happy endings and green jungles. She dreamt of the humid air that came with rainforests, the smell of a fresh rainstorm. She had so many dreams, and he hoped that some day they would become reality for her. Could a monster like him be allowed to hope?

Perhaps it depended.

And as his condition took a toll on his energy, she was clutching him tighter. She was blurrier now. Why was she blurry? Was she crying, or was he crying? He didn't think he was capable of such feelings. Something about her drove away the creatures that lurked in his mind, and chased away the malicious shadows. That's what made her unique. She was not selfless, yet she acted without thinking of her own safety first. Those little regrets always came after the task was complete. His vision of perfection was not perfect, not in the slightest. His vision of perfection was crying openly and calling him by a name that no longer belonged to him, nor suited him. His ending was not going to be filled with joyful tears and welcoming embraces like she had dreamed it would be. His ending was going to be on a cold, dark base with flickering lights that provided enough light to see her face. And in that instance, he realised how much of it had been for her.

He had been ordered to kill her. On multiple occasions. Too many. He had failed, suffered for it and tried again with a chaotic vengeance. He never succeeded and he thanked his past self for that. At least some of his mistakes could be justified, yet one good deed does not redeem one from a life of villainy.

It was fascinating, how one's last moments could reveal so much. His breathing was definitely shallower now, and she was pleading with him. Promises of a mother who had every reason to wish death on her only son. Promises of a new beginning that he would never get. It was so selfish to want to cling on to life. The galaxy had wanted rid of him from the start. He was not so blind to be able to ignore that. But was it selfish to want to stay for her?

It was. Love was impossibly selfish. To want to keep one person by your side for eternity- that could not be loopholed. He was so, so selfish. But her promises were irresistible and for a split-second, the ravenhaired male was tempted to accept the offers of a bacta kit.

No.

They would be too late.

The universe was cruel like that. The one time he admitted to his flaws, and it rebuked him. Viciously.

Kylo Ren did not deserve a lot of things, and the whispered 'You _can't _die. I love you.' slotted into that category like the last jigsaw piece.

Rey's anguished yell was the last thing he heard and he felt guilty for leaving like this. Would she forgive him for dying?

Could he be forgiven for everything he had done up to those moments?

The truth was no, he couldn't. Not by everyone. But she forgave him, and that was enough to twist a smile onto his lips as he stopped fighting the excruciatingâ€¦ what did they call them? Ah. Death throes.

A/N: Well, it was going to be part of a longer fic... But as soon as I finished the first paragraph, I realised it was better as a standalone. I love ReyLo SO MUCH UGH

-J

End
file.